

Poetry Series

Jacob Coleman
- poems -

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Jacob Coleman(November 30,1989)

(so Is Laughter)

Parentheses are probably the best
Punctuation man will ever invent!
(No, I don't think this is a poem either) .

Trust in Love and never mind the rest-
You probably want one more clue or hint
(Why is that? Logic isn't the Ether) .

Friend, look outside. Is what you see a test?
Writing is just one way to circumvent
Reality (Reading is another) .

Jacob Coleman

"poetry At İTs Most Desperate"

True, I've never wrote a political
poem; and I'm not sure that such a thing can
exist, and not upset standards typical
of the human race, let alone a man
like me who's read Spenser and Pope and not
died of boredom in the process! It's just
our great republic is about to rot,
poisoned (in plain sight) all by money lust!
"Billions, what are they? We deal only
in trillions! " (Save us from government
math!) Believe us, we are not so lonely,
Congressmen, and you Mr. President,
that we'll call for a second round of gags.
Get it straight! Or soon you'll be wearing rags!

Jacob Coleman

A Goth's Lament In Summertime

Take off that shroud and
tell your demon friends,
"Adieu, goodbye, and
good riddens." Make mends
with reality,
my Gothic Princess;
Ditch brutality
and wear the best dress
Love has to offer.
All that you desire,
Key in a coffer
Of burning fire,
Is within Sun's reach.
Goodbye worm.
Goodbye leach.

Jacob Coleman

'A Little Heart Made Cunningly'

Can one sit alone
in a dull Room
in a dull House
in a dull, dull
dull World,
And write something
Magnificent?

It depends...

He has set the world in the Heart of me,
in the Heart of me...
Not in my
(oh why)
understanding.

Earth's no broken hull
Split in sordid waste of time-
Of years, of days, of minutes past;
Nor has heaven waxed dull with seeing!

The Master says to me,
(To everyone who hears)
"Take up your bed and walk."

I have taken up my bed

And fled.

Jacob Coleman

A Sermon For Struggling Monks

'Count it all joy when women revile you,
For God knows what a cute wave of the hand,
A girly smile, sudden hunger can do.
You have heard not to stand on shifting sand,
Particularly so, those "bare" beaches
Some of the younger monks say are good
For contemplation (eyes round as leeches) .
Celibacy, perfectly understood,
Is bachelor pride in its finest form:
A life sanctified from purses and shoes,
The sins of Wal-Mart! What blessed reform!
Understand though the Lord will let you choose,
And whether that choice proves daunting or not
Depends on your definition of hot! '

Jacob Coleman

All Grown Up?

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A woman in the sky.
So my insomnia began
When I was just a little man;
So confident at twelve-years-old
 Love could not die.
The child is father to the man,
Oh, how I wish my days could be
Bound each to each by some firmer deity!

Jacob Coleman

Christian Atheist

Lord, forgive me if I have preferred the thing
Thought to the thing thinking (difference
Between dead books and voices that can sing,
Mock, or just whisper love, the soul's cadence) .

We murmur 'god' uncertain that we pray.
Lord, who will listen to our broken cries?
We say 'amen' thinking you cannot stay.
The child in every man and woman dies,

Leaving such a great gap in glass-eyed man
And woman, believing as we grow old
That we're bigger-stronger now, but Life can,

Age can, get confused, like gold (like fool's gold) .
Stones that dally in the mire, surely they sink?
Was it folly then made me kneel here and think?

Jacob Coleman

God's Fiction

The Eye of God beholds the Universe
Inside and out (backwards and forwards too) .
Me? I'm just a poet, rehearsed in verse.
Molecules are held together by glue
Or some other sticky substance, I think,
And atoms, well they're the building blocks of
Life, and um, everything that doesn't blink-
Except God, who NEVER sleeps (call it Love) .
We should all observe what close attention
Scientists (and other undeservers)
Pay to God's fiction. It's worth retention!
Even poets (and other non-observers)
Catch on eventually. What we see is art-
Across starry realms, stories of God's Heart.

Jacob Coleman

Guinevere

There's a Laughness in the silence of you
Like frolic of white waves in a glass bay;
There's Ocean muteness in your laugh untrue
As sudden stale as the sea-swallowed Day;
And a Killness! -in your grace of motion!
That's dazzling deadly, like the Dolphin's dive!
The Deep draws us, heedless of commotion;
And yours and mine! -and the Sea's heart! -Revive!

Jacob Coleman

Hamlet's Horse

You doubt and doubt and nothing do!
It's worse than neighing "me love you"
But backwards, with question marks two:
Black-hanging doubts on you and her.
Oh! she withers for a Poser!
Answer Worm! which do you prefer?
To fake-rake-snake-ache a way through
Or risk heart, her heart to pursue?
Be a horse, Man, or be man-glue! '

Jacob Coleman

Last Breath

It's not that I suffer from hippopto-
monstrosesquippedaliophobia.□
(literally: the fear of long words)
That at least would be understandable.
Neither Ents nor grammar books frighten me.

Since time's beginning, words were not hush-dead things.
But sense-sparks, shaped best in praises moving.
Bury my brain in a dictionary,
And in three days, hear the Old Story groan.
Time flies as fairy tales far away steal...

Red and the big bad wolf will blow-sing-blow,
But me, I've no breath, no song, no sweet name
Stirring softly, breaking ever always...
Or if I do, Distrust stands at the door:
Mousedom in his eyes; his mouth a cotton trap;
Scared to knock, he gropes for the key that's gone.

In winter, the stones sigh till they almost break;
And I too sigh, and I too break, but words!
Words never come, or never come easy.
Is this doom or laughter Silence rings out?
Dumb lips stir and a Voice cries, "It's finished! "

Jacob Coleman

Love Of A Jealous Kind

I heard a song the other day about
Love of a jealous kind, and it made me
Wish (among other things) for love devout,
For blood redeeming rage on the Red Sea
And bold lines in the Song of Solomon,
Small proof, "Love is strong as death, jealousy
Is cruel as the grave." Still, the hollow man
Knows (or thinks he knows) just how empty he
Is...without the biblical allusions.
I've lived among hollow men, unhappy
Skeptics who suspect love's an illusion.

I sought ways to cover my unbelief;
Found the easy way is essentially
What none of us want (Try minor relief
For soul damage) . I love my body,
Else I would not carry on merrily
Mirror-view, making faces nobody
Might see, who saw my heart vertically
Torn apart, across a dead horizon.
The swift cityscape, its stars I tally.
I'd dial Home this instant, but Verizon
Doesn't cover Heaven...Hell? Well, maybe.

What I got is Love (of a jealous kind)
When Love my Love kindness binds, Love I find.

Jacob Coleman

Messiah

come, there is a shelter for storms
that cannot last
under the shadow of my wings.
your crowded dorms
your coffee shops, your playback past
That sings and sings
desire so desperately afraid
of finding me...

hours you have stared at walls and prayed
for the dead sea
to overflow its banks and send
rivers through dry
airless arid, to spring and mend
the spirit's sigh.

here is water indeed...my blood.
abide in me,
and try my spirit fly with you.
toes wet with mud...
birdlike the sun sings, in green sea
of morning dew.

Jacob Coleman

'No! I'M Not God! '

If you worship womankind, what reward
have you? Oh, I'm not talking about love!
Just men, who wonder why women are bored.

Compare her to some bright angel above
or demon below, and see what happens:
Sure, she'll smile some (laugh a little at
your ingenuity) but what happens

Next, when the stone comparisons fall flat,
and Venus de Milo loses her head?
What then? Will you invite the poor girl home?
"Swear by all flowers? " Borrow mother's bed?

Detail the whole affair in a short poem
Or story (in proportion to the event)
And mourn your loss [and hers] when life is spent?

Jacob Coleman

'Ode To Jennifer' Or 'My Tenth Muse Speaks'

My muse HATES poetry. She's told me why
Many, many times: 'It is Soooooooooo
Depressing. I think I would rather DIE
Than read this GODFORSAKEN...Shakespeare? Noooooo!
He's stupendous! Sure, the rest are stupid
And it's their own stinking fault too (Stars smars!)
If I had a dime every time Cupid
Was court marshaled for emotional scars,
I'd open up my own clinic and cure
These mop buckets myself, or if that failed
Something practical (like a pedicure!)
Better yet, let's cast lots and have them jailed
For silly crimes against humanity!
ACT NOW! BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR SANITY! ! ! "

Jacob Coleman

Ode To My Socks

Resist the temptation to stare at these
Splendid toes. Peep not on my perfection
Or even eye its squat pedestal; My
Royal feet cannot be safely confined
But by the holiest fabric on Earth!
Nothing less will satisfy this craving.
Cloth of odd character I must confess.
This pair I'm wearing were choice woven
With threads of tasteless white, but dyed to a
Glorious golden by my feet's wet shine.
How precious and dear and lovely they are:
Socks I'll wear even to the edge of Loom!

Jacob Coleman

'On The Road Again'

Crouching fogbank,
Opossum sprawl, fresh asphalt stain
Morning glimpse
Of sun's first casualty.

Mist sleeps
On the old horizon.
Cars slide by
Like phantoms, motorized
For silence.

A vision,
Like marsupial madness
Attacks my frontal lobe.
Why do I even care?

Driving to college,
What do I resemble?
An old, grey opossum,
Who will play dead quite well today.

Jacob Coleman

'Once Upon Eternity'

The Prince of Fools met the Prince of Darkness,
-Sweeping tired dust and flame-
"So, are you the Janitor? A fool's guess,
But your disguise is just lame."

"For the six-hundred-and-sixty-sixth time!
I AM NOT THE JANITOR! ! !
Does no one recall poor Lucifer's Prime?
Here fool, hand me a mirror! "

The Fool pulled one from his half-pocket heart,
"Careful now, it holds my dreams..."

"That's the beauty of Everymirror's art,
Its only truth is what seems."

The Grey God gazed into the grey glass hell
Of a mirror, not a soul-
Forever and ever the Grey God fell
Down eternity's white hole!

Forever and ever the grey god sang;
(A grey dot was he and very tiny)
He sang and sang and sang
till hell rang
'Bang! '
I dropped the ghost glass shiny!

Jacob Coleman

Reclaiming The Imagination

I have betrayed God's imagination
And now my imagination betrays
Me. If I knew why Hell and Destruction
Are never full, why my fantasy strays
Here, There, Everywhere-crashes (with cruel speed)
Against gates of virgin glory! spirals
Downward, like a helicopter in need
Of gasoline-Well, these earthly trials
Might assume an air of reality!
This is Enemy Territory, kids
Where demons dance and mock divinity
While caged prostitutes stare with caged eyelids...
Death's other dream kingdom-Deliver us,
Jesus, and shine Your Light in our darkness.

Jacob Coleman

Sarcasm Has A Godly Face

(On guard again) I rant, afraid
You'll find that the man you thought
Was me, is just someone I made
Up This is how a lifelong plot
To keep you (and you!) from knowing
(Selfish) what breed feeds off my heart
Gradually falls apart (growing
Infestation, where rats dart
Cover at the flick of a switch)
All was so clean-it did seem-in the dark!
Oh, that's why "a whore is a deep ditch, "
And why John Donne made that remark
In his prohibition: "Take heed
Of loving me." Friend, watch close my need!

Jacob Coleman

Silenced

Proud age fears that it shall be forgotten:
This pirate, this old captain, knew that doom
Hid in the smell of the wind unbroken,
Could send a crippled sailor to his tomb.
The riches he had plundered through the years
Might have kept him light, drunk, and warm,
But the Sirens' song made him yearn with tears,
Scorn serene death, and seek his life's last storm.
Fear, surf, and flood fell fast and froze his skin;
A demon wind howled and sent hail firing
Down in a thunderous volley of sin.
'Save my soul! Me devil is a'hirin,
But I shaint see Davy long as I got..."
Words drowned as those sore skies showed their black spot.

Jacob Coleman

The Absent-Minded Professor

There is a parish confessor,
(An absent-minded professor)
Who sits all day on his cold flat
Butt, reading enormously fat
Books, and I swear he never looks
Outside, but dwells in household nooks
With scraps and tiny chicken bones...
At night, he makes such dreadful moans
The DEAD arise and volunteer
To sing him lullabies for fear
Of waking Lucifer himself!
(Beside his Bible on a shelf,
A pretty picture book complete
With pretty girls all nice and neat)
"This professor cannot sleep
Because he is not counting sheep! ! ! "
True, spirits squabble, but they take
Each volume, burn it, and then rake
Away the ashes, one by one,
Because THAT is how it is done.

Jacob Coleman

The Broken Well

Wells of muddled memory are my eyes-
Remember eyes, how you could not even
Swallow what wild beauty came rushing in
From that green country, with its gentle breath
So still, all aglow beneath golden skies?
Remember how that day we rose from death?
Let loose the pail and draw that beauty back.
Stir my muddled memory till it's clear...
(Eyes don't fail me!) Darn it, something I lack!
Sentimental fool. All this for a tear! ! !

Jacob Coleman

The Cure

I thrust my heart upon a pen;
Scrawl hard "love hurts" till heart is nil.
Always (now and then) till I die
I will search for the reason why
Shreds of the best and worst of men
Here shut with a soul's shadow's seal.
Late and no later will I sigh;
I will pant and ask my Reason why
I must, my soul, with this self pen
Jot soft "love heals" till heart is still.

Jacob Coleman

They Come To Me In Dreams

Feelings aside, spiders are really small
Monstrosities: balls of poison (with legs
Usually hairy,8 of them in all)
With death-wild eyes to boot, black shiny
As orbs of darkness in a witch's lair!
The way they crawl reminds me of tiny
Machines, except machines don't carry eggs
In sticky grey sacks upon their backs (dare
I take a closer look?) . Oh, what did God
Have in His head (or His heart) when He bred
These awful things, compacted from the clod
Of caves, where webs first merged with human dread
And made a puzzled mockery of size?
Indeed, God (who knows) must be very wise.

Jacob Coleman

Videogame Villanelle

I hate easy-living (Winter's been slow) .
I see a few snowflakes and my heart sinks.
I miss the magic lands of Nintendo.

This new game I got lets me pretend (Whoa!)
Like I'm Thor saving mankind from the brink
Of extinction. Thank god for Nintendo!

Mom says there are better ways to spend dough.
I don't know. Hot girls or Pokemon? (Zinc
Version) . Heck, I'm going with Nintendo!

Now I have Game Boy Syndrome. I bend low
And my scoliosis kicks in...it stinks.
A friend suggested I sue Nintendo.

I do solemnly swear: I intend no
Disrespect to Zelda, Mario, or Link
(For god's sake PROPERTY OF NINTENDO) .

Right now, Wii Fit is the latest trend so
I might get a job and buy it (Just think,
I can burn fat AND play my Nintendo!)
Final Fantasy will never end so
Forget that! All I need is Nintendo ...

Jacob Coleman

'Where Lust Dines'

Tonight, I can write sinister lines (like)

"I watched a fat worm crawl across Love's lips, "

Or, "Mordred's morose warlock eye still dines

At the Round Table of her ghost-grail hips."

Tonight, I can write transparent lines (like)

"I watched a fat man crawl across his couch, "

Or, "His one big drooping (sullen) eye dines

On the Square Screen and on his stomach's pouch."

Tonight, I can write myself in lines (like)

"I watched not myself crawl inside my self, "

Or, "I, or my eye, or my mind's eye dines

On what is not, but mostly, on my self.

Tonight, I will write no love-laugh lines-

Just cold spits of ghost-flesh left where Lust dines."

Jacob Coleman

Wonderland Revisited

My thoughts hover like bees over the dry lawn. May's final breath makes the yellow-green grass quiver. I whisper condolences to Abe who wishes his copper-face could yawn. An aphid crawls across his nose on an inch long journey to reach an island of clover. To think that an entire world's Odyssey can pass by unnoticed...This universe where footsteps and falling leaves leave their recording time, and prove yesterday and tomorrow are today reflected. I look up into the sky, "Is this how the cosmic poet spells out his eternal rhyme? " I smile and let go of everthing but everything, tumbling (not for the first time) down the busy rabbit hole of thought, dancing with Alice in the empty, dancing air of childhood memories, and wondering (truly wondering) how it was I forgot (THIS, the holy-desperate-needfulness of Now) .

Jacob Coleman